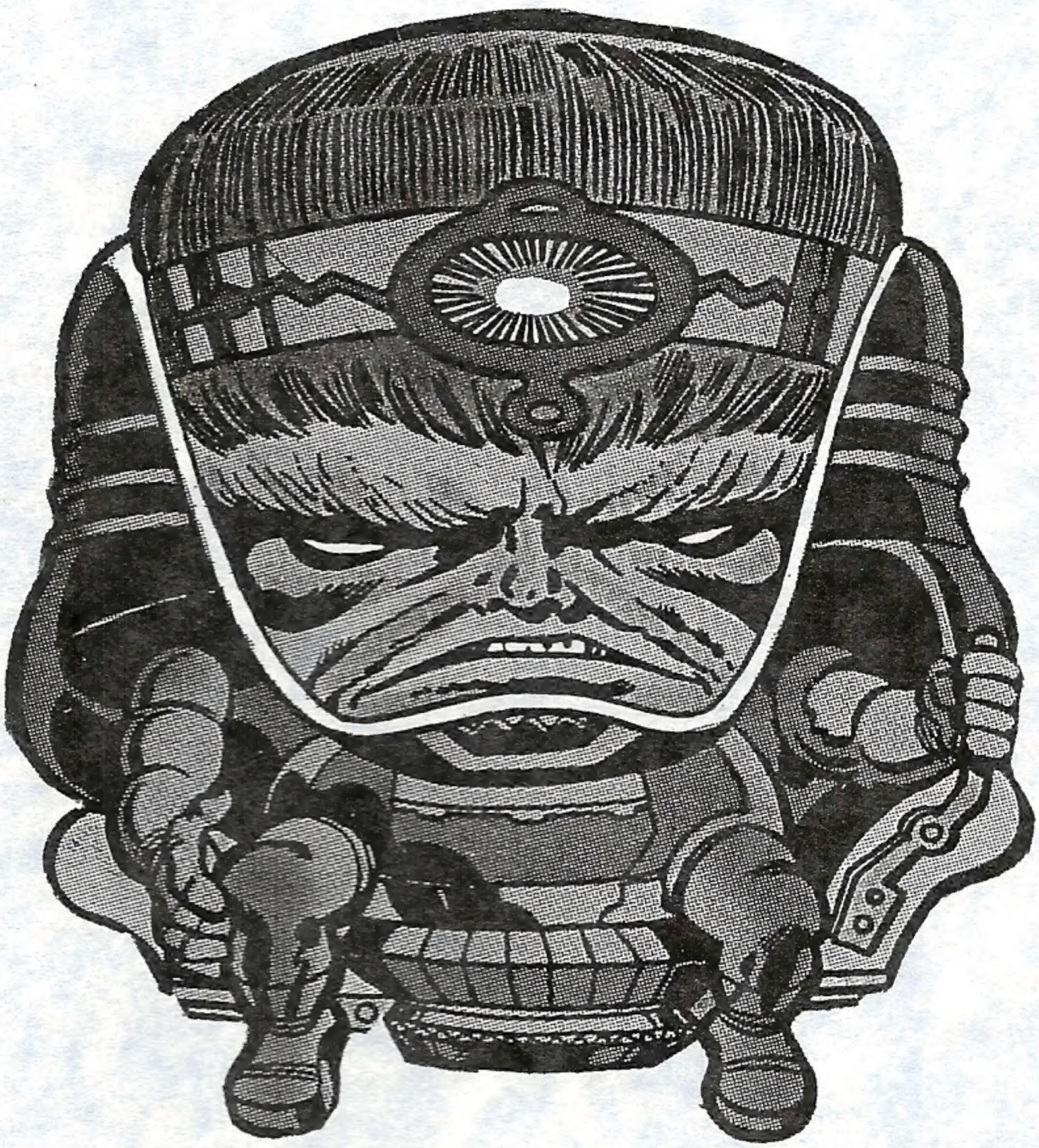
KIRBY SAYS: "DON'T ASK! JUST BUY IT!"

THE JOURNAL OF MODOK STUDIES



THE JOURNAL OF MODOK STUDIES

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MODOK is copyright now and forever by Marvel Comics and not by any of the artists whose work is presented within these pages. MODOK was created by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby (with embellishment by Joe Sinnott) and first appeared in Tales of Suspense issue 94, dated October 1967. MODOK stands for Mental Organism Designed Only for Killing, though some people think that the "M" is for Mobile or Mechanical, but it isn't. MODOK is really awesome, and this journal is only published because of this awesomeness, and not through any desire to make money from using Marvel Comics valuable copyrighted material. Besides, if you saw all the gold teeth and platinum watches that the Executives of Second Period Industries (the company which publishes *The Journal of MODOK Studies*) had, you'd know that we don't *need* the money. Bling Bling! Copies of this book are two dollars postage paid from Second Period Industries, Post Office Box 948 Athens, Georgia 30603. All unattributed content herein is by the editor, George Tarleton unless it's pretty obvious that it's from Marvel Comics or something like that. *The Journal of MODOK Studies* is published quarterly, I think. Thanks. There's probably a lot of typos in here.

An Introduction to MODOK Studies.

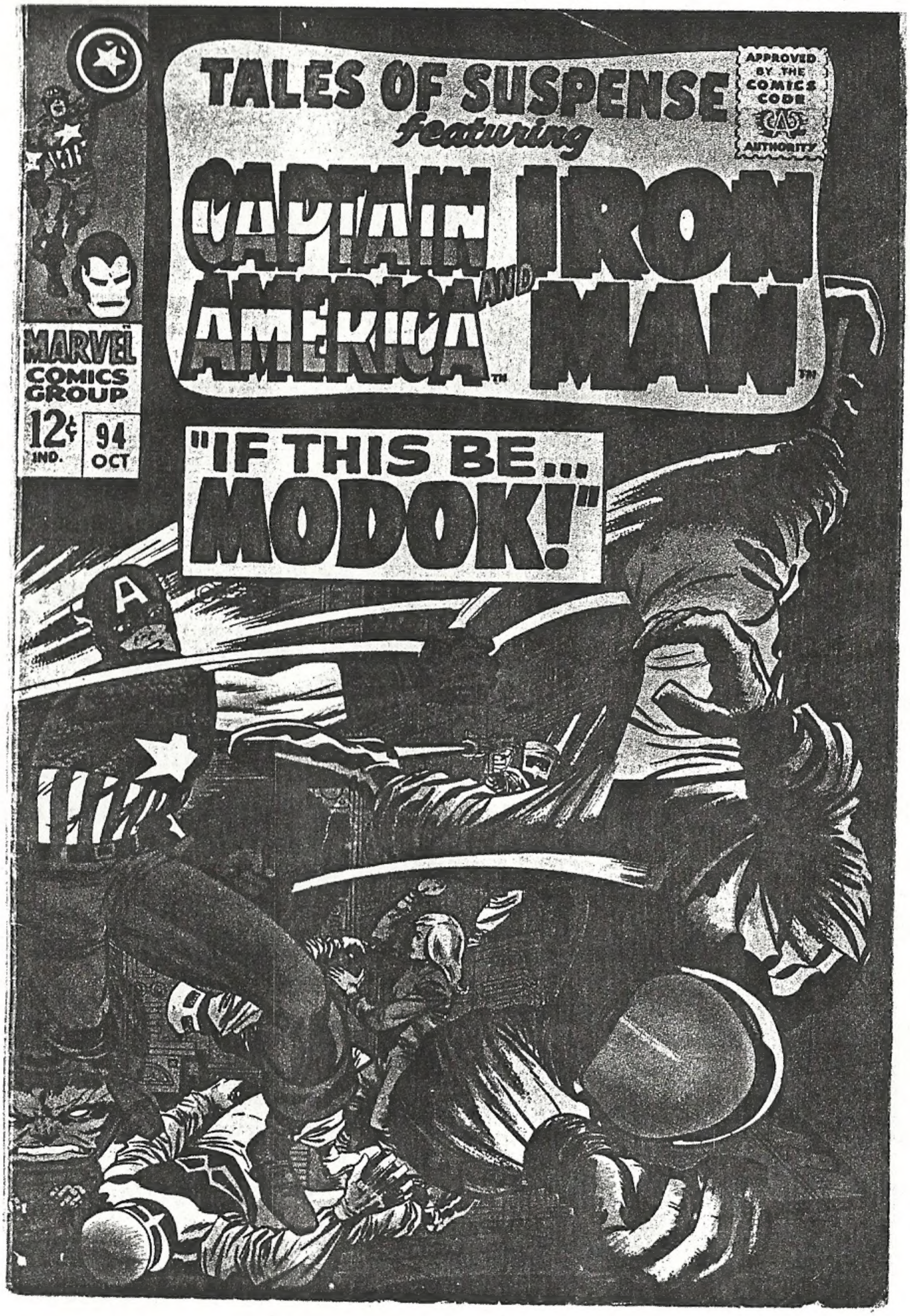
Welcome to the first issue of *The Journal of MODOK Studies*, a publication dedicated to the greatest comic character ever created, Marvel Comics' MODOK. Perhaps the first question that should be addressed is the most obvious one, that being "Why MODOK?". The answer, however should be as obvious as the question. Just look at that guy. Do you not understand how amazing it is that someone decided that the most fearsome villain they could conceive is essentially a guy with a giant head who sits in a floating chair? This is genius, and *The Journal of MODOK Studies* exists specifically to point out this genius and celebrate MODOKery in all of its forms.

Features of the *Journal* will include, but will certainly not be limited to, reviews of comic stories in which MODOK appears, MODOK product reviews (though there is, sadly, little product in existence, we hope that this will change), sightings of MODOK-related ephemera, and hundreds of pictures of MODOK in all his big-headed glory by as many different artists as we can find.

If you have research that you think may be of interest to *The Journal of MODOK Studies*, please do not hesitate to contact us in care of our publisher, Second Period Industries at Post Office Box 948, Athens, Georgia 30603-0948. The same address may be used for letters of inquiry to the *Journal*, as well as for the ordering of single issues and subscriptions.

You are to be commended for your interest in MODOK which has led you to this publication, and if you found the *Journal*, and do not possess such an interest, it is our hope that this publication will create this interest, and a love of MODOK in you. Thank you for reading, and again, we welcome you to *The Journal of MODOK Studies.*

The History of MODOK
Part 1
If This Be. . . MODOK!



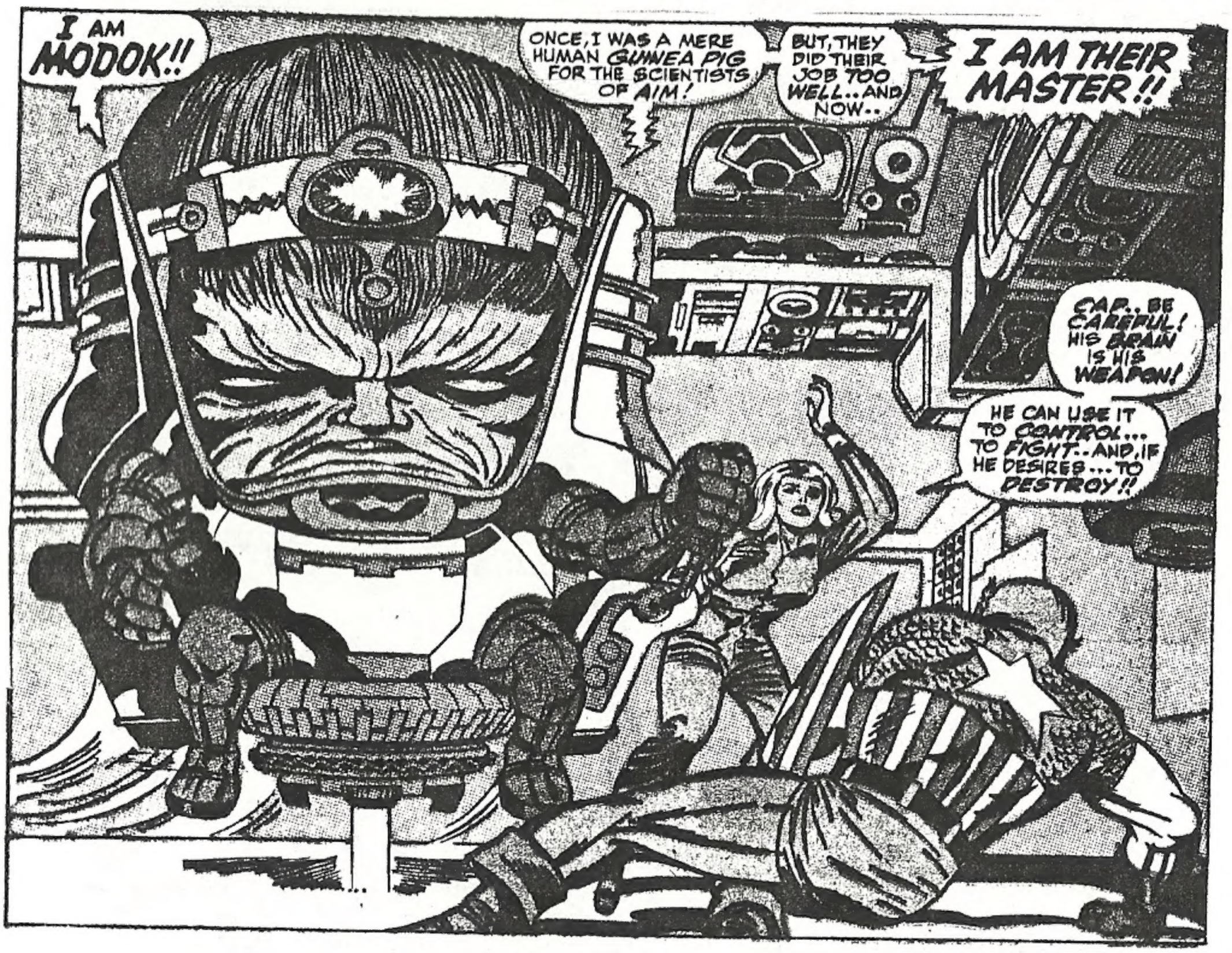
The world wasn't ready for what happened late in 1967. Some were so unready that they weren't even born yet. I had personally been given the option, but I decided that I just couldn't live in a world without MODOK, so I would wait a while. Comic readers already knew what was coming in Tales of Suspense #94. In #93, they'd learned that there was something bad running things in the criminal organization A.I.M. (Advanced Idea Mechanics), they'd learned his name, and in the final moments, they'd heard (well, read, actually) his voice. MODOK was coming.

Tales of suspense #94 wasted no time showing us who this mysterious MODOK was. He's right there on the cover. You might have to look a little hard to see him, but he's there, hiding in the corner, ordering his beekeepers to beat the living crap out of Captain America, and apparently, they do, because the first panel of the story has him flat on his back staring down the barrel of a big Jack Kirby gun with all kinds of buttons and dials and stuff. He's totally helpless. Lucky for him that MODOK wants to kill the Living Legend of World War II himself. Seriously, MODOK's gotta have some fun occasionally, right? And besides, he *is* designed for only killing.

WE ALL FEAR MODOK...FOR WE KNOW HIS AWESOME POWER!
THEREFORE, WE DO NOT DARE ATTACK HIM OURSELVES!
BUT, WHAT IF THERE IS ONE WHO WILL BATTLE MODOK FOR US?
ONE WHO MIGHT DEFEAT HIM...AND FREE US FROM HIS DOMINATION!
IMPOSSIBLE! NONE WOULD BE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO OPPOSE MODOK!

There's also a subplot brewing here where some of the A.I.M. troops want to rebel against MODOK, possibly using Captain America to help them in this rebellion. So, they decided that even if the Captain doesn't win, the battle between him and MODOK will at least buy them some time to follow their own plan, whatever that is. So, they sink Captain America through the floor (by dispersing the molecules, of course) into MODOK's chamber. Captain America barely has time to think before he's punched in the neck by MODOK's brain beam.

Then, on page four, we finally get to see MODOK in all his glory. Captain America and MODOK trade threats for a while ("You are no match for MODOK") and MODOK talks about his amazing chair, which is apparently more agile than legs or something and then we get a pretty detailed lecture about the many different types of mind beams MODOK can use. This part of the story seems more like a sales pitch than a terrible battle, but I guess MODOK really just wanted to kinda show off for a while, since most of the other people he surrounded himself with, the A.I.M. troops, were probably pretty sick of him telling them all about the differences between Mind-Beams, Stun-Shock-Beams and Heat-Beams. I'd rebel, too, if I had to listen to *that* for 8 to 10 hours a day.


I AM MODOK!!
ONCE, I WAS A MERE HUMAN GUINEA PIG FOR THE SCIENTISTS OF AIM!
BUT, THEY DID THEIR JOB TOO WELL.. AND NOW..
I AM THEIR MASTER!!
CAP.. BE CAREFUL! HIS BRAIN IS HIS WEAPON!
HE CAN USE IT TO CONTROL... TO FIGHT.. AND, IF HE DESIRES... TO DESTROY!!

MODOK, by this point, has gone completely nuts and is shattering floors and machinery left and right. It seems like he'd be more careful, but I guess he's operating under the assumption of government workers everywhere: "Hell, it ain't *my* money". Meanwhile, the A.I.M. rebels pile into an escape submarine while ordering another squad of rebels to "attack MODOK". Squad B must have felt pretty cheated when they had to go into the room with the super-soldier and the guy with the giant head that shot lasers while squad A got to sit there in the escape sub, probably eating Hostess fruit pies and listening to Donovan records. Squad A were a bunch of jerks.

So, squad B dutifully arrives at the scene of the battle where, as the panel caption says, Captain America's only though is "Smash MODOK", which sounds a bit more Incredible Hulk-ian than Captain America-ian. He throws his shield, but he unfortunately doesn't throw it faster than the speed of thought, because it is easily caught by one of MODOK's brain beams. Probably a Stop-The-Shield Beam or something. So, Captain america just decided to run at MODOK and tackle him. How he can tackle a 12-foot-tall head floating around in a hover-chair is uncertain, but he does it. He tackles MODOK, and it makes this sound: SPTOK! But wait! That SPTOK! Really came from the "volley of shells" fired at MODOK by the rebels of Squad B! MODOK turns red and his hover chair shatters. Poor MODOK! All he wanted was to only kill, and this is the thanks he gets!

With MODOK out of the way (or is he. . .) Squad B turn their fire on Captain America, but everybody knows that's a mistake. So, a SPANG!, a THBONNK!, and a FZAT! Later, the Captain and A.I.M.'s former hostage, Agent 13, are on their way to stop Squad A from making their planned getaway. Captain America stops Squad A's submarine on a page stunningly devoid of MODOK. Who Cares?

WHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SUB, A DYING FIGURE SUMMONS HIS LAST REMAINING VESTIGE OF POWER...
MODOK... MUST NOT DIE... LIKE ANY HELPLESS BEING...!
FOR... ONCE I POSSESSED... THE POWER... TO CHANGE THE WORLD.!!

MODOK, who has a huge chin, is lying on the floor amid the rubble created by his battle with Captain America he decides that his "end" must be a spectacular one. As the Squad A escape sub surfaces, we see the explosion of the main submarine, caused by MODOK's amazing mental powers. Captain America exclaims "I think we can forget about MODOK now!" But, can we? *Can We?*

No. No, we can't.

Devlin Thompson

My Diary
by:
Andrew Franklin

June 19

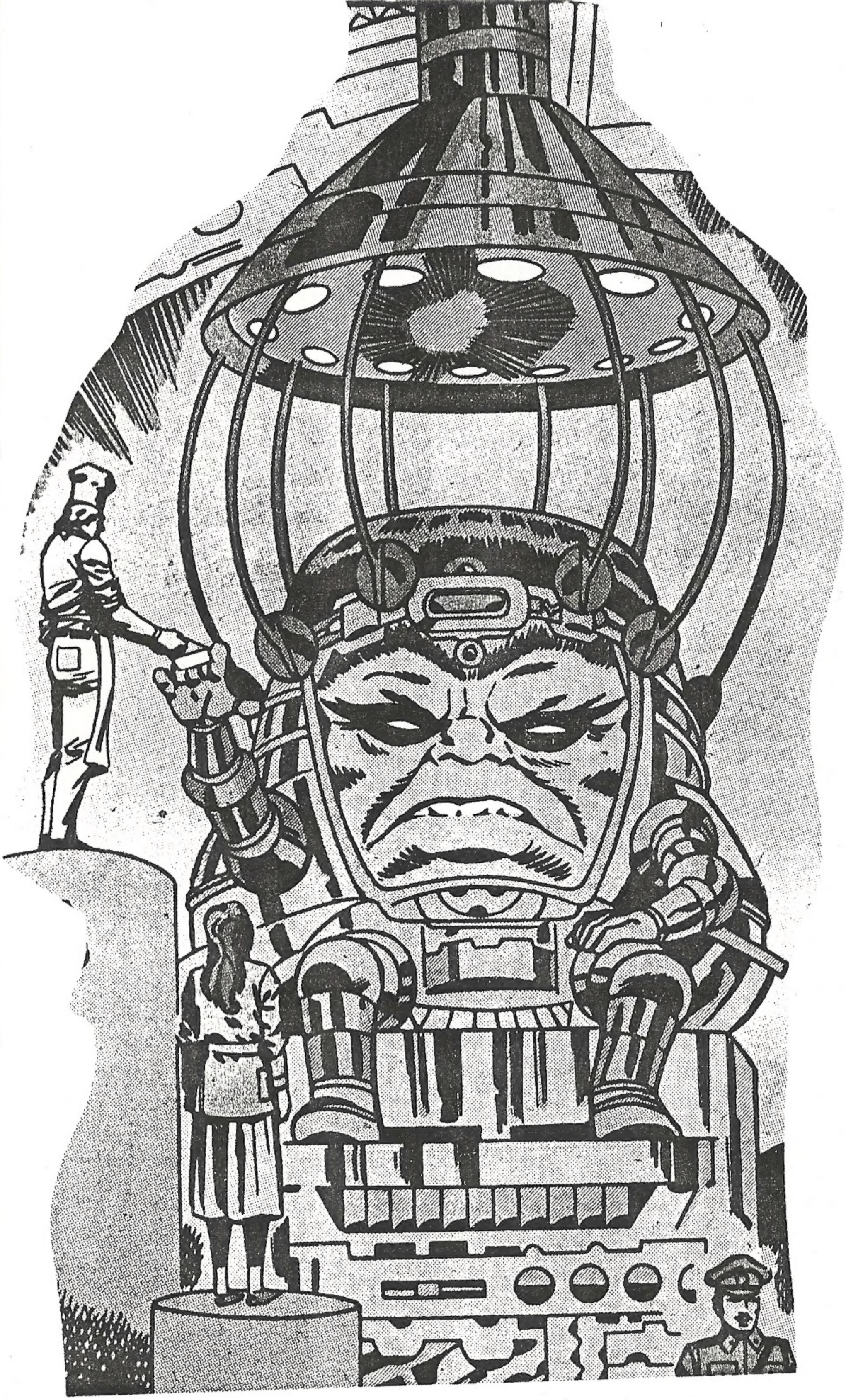
Today was the fist time I ever saw one of them. I always knew that eventually it would happen, and in a way, I've been expecting it ever since I left Utica for culinary school. Still, there's nothing you can really do to prepare yourself mentally for being face-to-face with one of them. I'm glad it happened, actually. I never looked forward to it like some people who come to the city do. I always saw it as something I <u>had</u> to do, just to get it over with. Honestly, I'm not impressed. You should have seen the other people on the staff here, though, not to mention the other diners. You'd have thought God Himself had walked in and asked for a table (of course they had no reservations. Normal people would have been laughed all the way to Queens, but the "Fantastic" Four can apparently just waltz into anywhere they please and get the royal treatment). Thankfully they weren't wearing those hideous pajamas that you always see them in on the news, but still it's difficult to miss the boorish oaf who is apparently made of orange rocks. The way he behaved, you'd have thought he'd never eaten anywhere more upscale than a Taco Bell for Christ's sake. I remain thoroughly <u>un</u>impressed.

June 23

Well, they must have liked the place, because now we get all sorts of "hero" types in here. Forgive me for being unmoved. I couldn't help noticing that people still get <u>cancer</u>. Why waste your time developing a flying car or a ridiculous costume that shoots lasers when there are people who could put that science to good use. The one called Captain America was here today for some charity luncheon. I'm certain that those four goons from last week recommended the place to him. I tried to tell the staff that they should be given no special treatment lest they get the idea that their type are valued as customers here. Still, everyone insisted on fawning over them. Tonight I made a significant advancement in my pastry technique, by the way, seeing as how the charity event all but shut the kitchen down, I had time to practice. Still, there seems to be something missing. Perhaps I'm using too much clarified butter?

July 1

Problem with the air-conditioning today. The kitchen is usually hot, but today was particularly unbearable. The dining room is still acceptable, though, so the restaurant remains open. Supposedly someone will be in tonight so the problem should be remedied before opening tomorrow. It is difficult to maintain a professional appearance in these conditions. The bank near the dry-cleaner's seemed to be having some trouble today. Military men, it seemed, were simply <u>swarming</u> around the place. Their jackets said "S.H.I.E.L.D.". Not sure what this stands for. I'll try to remember to ask Randolph at work. He's a bit of a military history buff. Anyway, not too sure what was going on at the bank, considering that there was nothing about a robbery in any of the papers or on television.



July 9

Visited mother over the Holiday. It is always good to get away from the city, if only for a couple of days. I'm ready to leave again, considering what happened today. I was walking from the subway to the restaurant today when I noticed some commotion at the jeweler's about a block away from work. These men in bright yellow uniforms were running out of the store towards a large floating ship of some sort. It was hovering right above the street. Everyone was shouting, and the police, who were already on the scene (surprisingly. . . where were they when my wallet was stolen last March?) seemed powerless to do anything. I regret the trouble this undoubtedly caused for the jeweler, but it is nice to see the police get their come-uppance once in a while. These men, whose uniforms looked like the ridiculous outfit Father used to wear when gathering honey from the hives (a hobby of his which I frankly never understood), were using the strangest weapons against the police. When fired, the produced a light of some sort which paralyzed, rather than killed, its target. If this technology exists, I wonder how long until it is used on normal people like me? Yet another thing to worry about, and I don't see the "Fantastic" Four (as the papers are calling them) doing anything to protect us from it.

August 2

Much has happened since last I wrote. Initially this diary was begun to chronicle my apathy at seeing those "super" people in my restaurant, but now, this book and my life have greater purpose. Last Wednesday, a man was dining alone at work. He was the last to leave, and he particularly enjoyed his dessert. He sent his compliments to the kitchen, and I, being in uncharacteristically high spirits (I had finally solved my pastry problem. . . clarified butter was not the culprit at all, it seems!) Went out to meet with him. Being the end of the night, and having no other duties in the kitchen, I naturally accepted his offer of a cigar and a bit of conversation. Within the course of the evening, he casually mentioned the signed photographs of the "heros" on the wall near the window. I held nothing back when telling him what I thought of their kind, and he seemed to be in agreement. I remember saying that I truly wished that there would be someone who would put them in their place, to which he replied (an I will always remember these words) "Oh, I'm sure there is. Very sure of it." He then bid me good night and left.

He returned a few days later, this time with a companion. They asked for me once again (they had come to eat at about the same time - near closing) and offered to take me for a drink at a private club of which they were members. Since I enjoyed our earlier conversation (and, to be honest, his companion was quite an attractive lady) I agreed. At the club, he asked me if I would be willing to help him in a project he was working on. He wondered if I could possibly keep track of the comings and goings of the costumed crime-fighters in the restaurant and surrounding blocks. I eagerly agreed, remembering his assurance that there was someone out there who could show these people that they are not universally revered. Could it be him? I realize now that I never asked this man his name. I have begun to keep notes on these "heroes" in any way I can. When they show up, what they eat, who they are with, any conversation I hear from the waiters about them. I hope my files are of use to him.

August 22

I have been assigned a number. At first, I thought my friend from the restaurant was the one who could rid us of these super-powered show-offs, but it goes much deeper than that. There exists a whole secret society with this as its goal. The men from the jewelry store in the odd outfits are part of this plan as well. I am now not only Andrew Franklin, chef. I am also AIM operative # 27116. We meet in secret once a month to submit our notes. Soon, I have been told, it will be time to meet the master. He is referred to only as Modok, a name which apparently has some significance, since I rarely hear it spoken in anything other than a whisper, and it appears to strike fear in the men and women who hear it, even the soldiers, those whose faces are hidden behind those yellow suits.

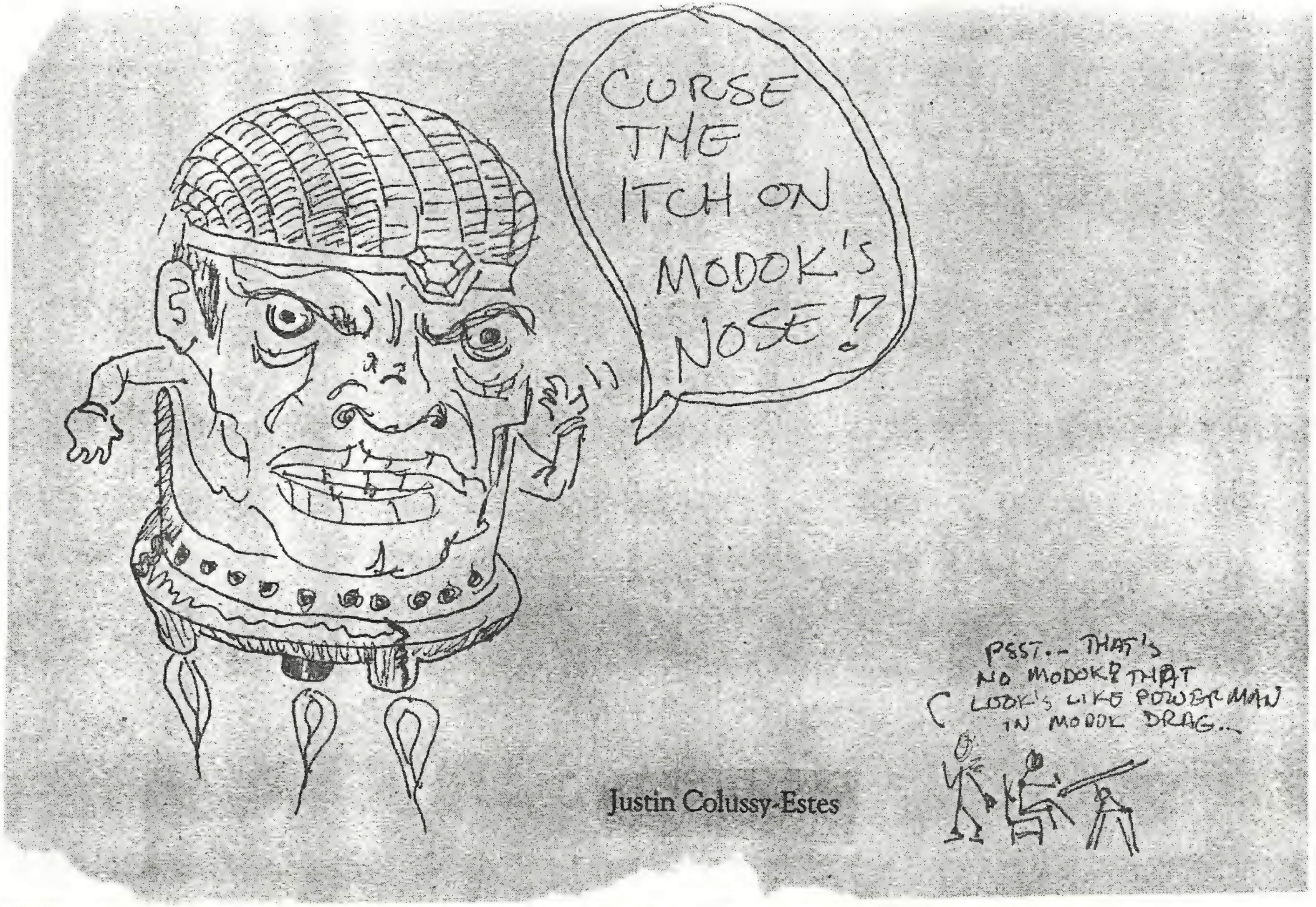
September 3

I have seen the face of terror. I have seen MODOK. I now submit my files directly to him. My first meeting was shocking. MODOK is a grotesque deformity. Essentially a giant head in a chair. You dare not look at him, and you dare not turn away. You can hear his voice inside your head and he knows your thoughts. He knew immediately my revulsion upon seeing him, and he also knew, before I told him, that I had information that may be of use to him. He has been watching me as well. He knew things about me that I thought no-one knew. Has he had me followed? Has he been watching me himself? That face haunts my dreams. I fear I am in over my head. My only hope is that he is pleased with my work and allows me to live. I have seen him kill and I dare not tell anyone about it. The smallest infraction, anything that causes MODOK displeasure or annoyance, could be your last act. His power is great; greater, I fear than that of the costumed heroes of this city. I feel that they would be powerless to stop him. I must go. MODOK calls. He must never know of this diary.

September 17

MODOK has begun to collect information on the monster known as the Hulk. He has also asked for information about a General in the army, whose name I do not know, but who has eaten in the restaurant once, I think. I fear that my usefulness to MODOK is nearing an end, and with it, my life. To be of no use to MODOK is to die. He does not hold resources in reserve. I delivered my last report to MODOK today. I will leave this city. If this diary is found and read by friendly eyes, please know that I had no choice. I was motivated by fear for my own life. I hope only that I can find somewhere to escape his all-seeing eyes.

Patrick Dean



Justin Colussy-Estes

Johnny Ryan

Bob the Angry Flower

MODOK, etc.

HERE AT MODOK ENTERPRISES WE'RE A LOT MORE THAN JUST MENTAL ORGANISMS DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING.
MODOK
I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MODOSA, MODOFS AND MODOKMODOK, MENTAL ORGANISMS DESIGNED ONLY FOR SIGNING AUTOGRAPHS, FIGURE SKATING AND KILLING MODOK.
THEY'LL SHOW YOU AROUND...

MODOK LEAVES, AND...

M.O.D.O.F.D.A.F. (Mental Organism Designed Only For Drawing Angry Flowers): An Interview with Stephen Notley.

Stephen Notley, artist and creator of *Bob The Angry Flower* is a really nice guy. When I first decided to publish the *Journal of MODOK Studies*, I knew for certain that he was one of the people I'd like to interview. Not only is his cartoon (which can be found online at www.angryflower.com) consistently amusing, he's apparently obsessed with all the right things. . . robots, zombies, and for one shining moment (July 20th, 1999) MODOK! *The Journal of MODOK Studies* submitted the following questions to Stephen to examine the depths of his devotion to MODOK. Here are the results:

The Journal of MODOK Studies: **You have drawn MODOK** (the results, printed herein with Stephen's permission, are from page 124 of his book Coffee With Sinistar, Leftover Books, 1999), **as have many others. Who is your favorite MODOK artist? Hint: Your answer cannot be Jack Kirby. That's too easy.**
Stephen Notley: Man, already my MODOK ignorance is being exposed, since I don't know who else drew him. Did Sal Buscema do it? Let's Say Sal Buscema.

***JMS*: When you drew MODOK in your strip, did you feel your personal urge to kill rising or subsiding?**
SN: No, my personal urge to kill remained low.

***JMS*: For a Mental Organism Designed Only for Killing, MODOK certainly seems to not do a whole lot of actual killing. Why do you think this is so? Is his name nothing but satire?**
SN: MODOK came to be when comics weren't quite a violent and murdery as they are now, so, though they came up with a scary name, they really couldn't follow through on it. Now, in the post-Authority era, you could probably see some pretty hardcore MODOK stories. . .

***JMS*: What does MODAM stand for?**
SN: Hell, I don't know. Mental Organism Designed Also for Mothering?

***JMS*: If you were put into an alteration chamber and made into a MODOK, what would be some things you would do? (Your response may be more detailed than "Only Killing".)**
SN: Uh. . . I guess I'd go on TV, try to explain what had happened and sell my services to groups who could afford me.

***JMS*: How does MODOK brush his teeth?**
SN: Long toothbrush.

***JMS*: You are Canadian. As a Canadian, explain how you feel about MODOK's status as an American citizen. Do you think that the United States would ever use a MODOK against its neighbors in conflict? What do you know of Canada's plans to develop MODOK technology?**

SN: MODOK's no worse than a lot of other Americans, so I as a Canadian don't feel particularly threatened by him. I know of no Canadian MODOK technology.

***JMS*: Please cast your vote for the winner of the following fights:**

i – MODOK vs. The 1977 Harlem Globetrotters
ii – MODOK vs. a werewolf
iii – MODOK vs. the greatest heavyweight wrestling champion of all time, Ric Flair
iv – MODOK vs. Buffy, the Vampire Slayer
v – MODOK vs. zombie Josef Stalin

SN: i – MODOK
ii – MODOK
iii – MODOK
iv – Buffy
v – MODOK

The Last Word – Editor's Notes by George Tarleton

Question 1 – Stephen is right, Sal Buscema *did* draw MODOK.

Question 3 - In this question, Stephen uses the word "murdery". The adjective "murdery" is a great word, and is copyright 2002 Stephen Notley and *The Journal of MODOK Studies*. If you use it, you have to send each of us one dollar (American).

Question 4 – This is not correct, but it is really close to what the right answer *should* be. Please see future issues of *The Journal of MODOK Studies* for more on MODAM.

Question 7 – Here, Stephen tries to deny the existence of the Canadian MODOK creation efforts. Nice effort, Stephen, but we know the truth. The Canadian MODOK is a drum tech and roadie for prog-rock superstars Rush.

Question 8 – Buffy is awesome, but she's not *that* awesome.

GRRRRR
OH!
YOU SAID IT BROTHER!
LIFE'S TOO SHORT TO DATE UGLY WOMEN.

Orkanobo

Drew Weing

TIME PASSES, MARKED ONLY BY THE CLIMBING OF A CHILLY MOON...

BETTY TALBOT LIES SLEEPING, PEACEFUL AT LAST, AS THE CRESCENT MOON LOOKS QUIETLY DOWN UPON HER...

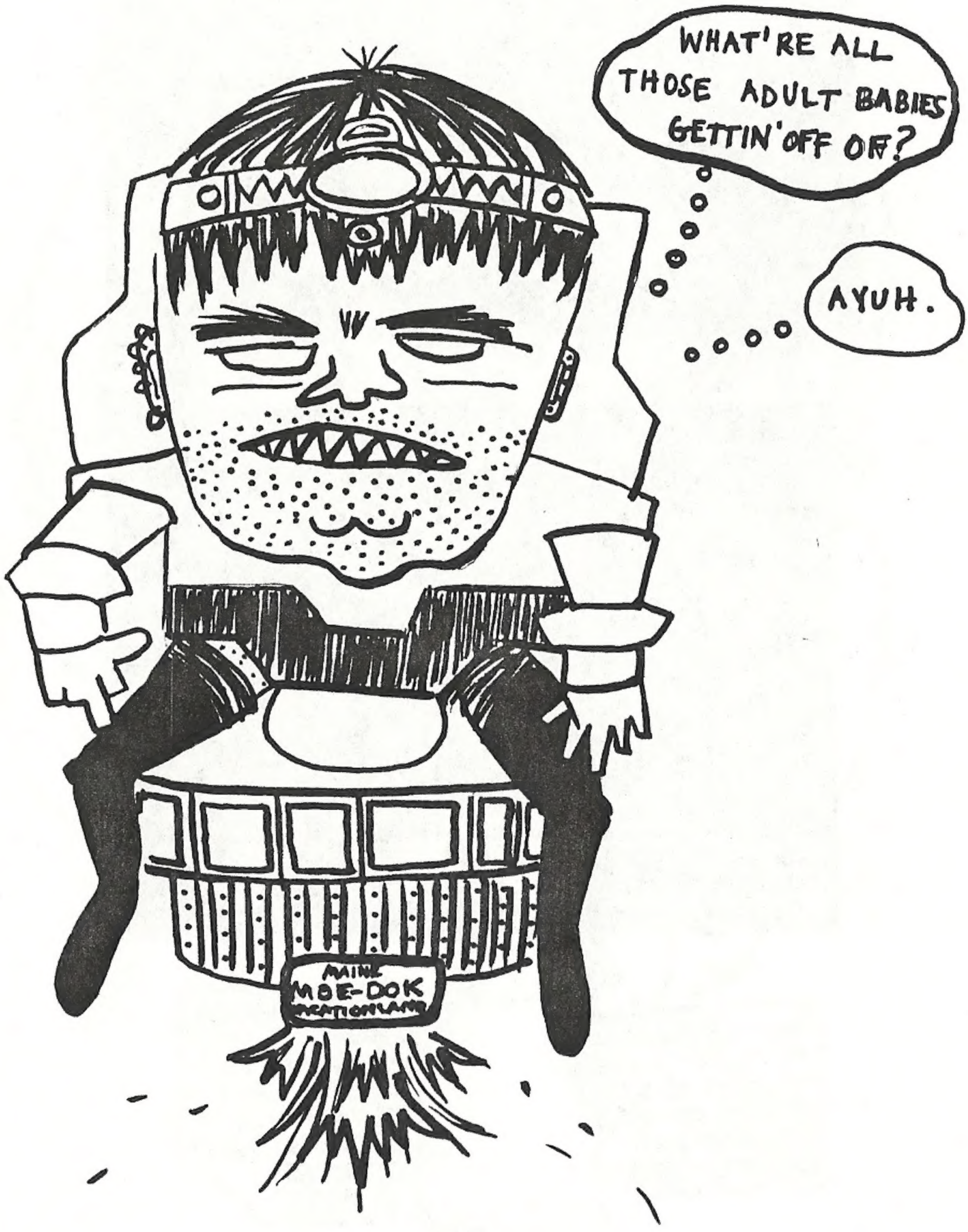
...AND THEN...

...SOMETHING ELSE LOOKS AT HER.

THE MISSHAPEN MOCKERY THAT IS MODOK OPENS WIDE THE WINDOWS OF HER ROOM...

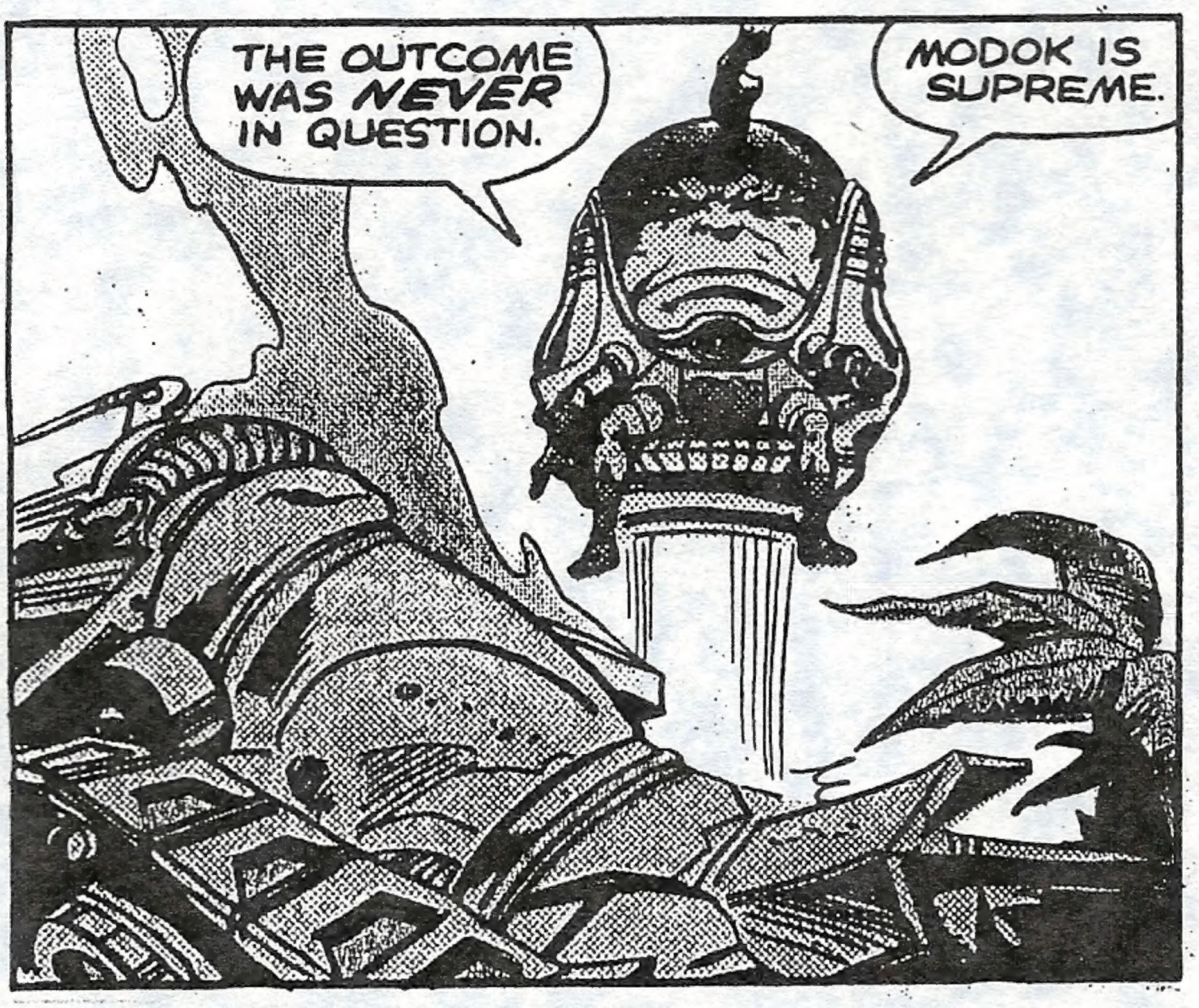
...THEN GLIDES SOFTLY FORWARD, EMERGING FROM HIS NOW-COMPLETED ROBOTIC BODY.

ALMOST TENDERLY, HE EXERTS THE VAST HYPNOTIC POWERS OF HIS MIND...



Mandy Mastrovita

MOOK
FILES
31


THE OUTCOME WAS NEVER IN QUESTION.
MODOK IS SUPREME.